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STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



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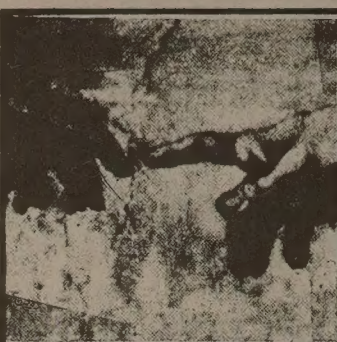
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STUDENT REVIEW

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Student Review is an independent student publication serving Provo's student community. Because *SR* is an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or The Zamboni Drivers Union Local 1278.

Tips of the week- Never eat grilled sandwiches while watching a hockey fight, never eat anything larger than your head, and never, no matter how much you want that part, never let them see you sweat.

Note from the editor:

Thing of the Week

I would be sorely ungrateful if I did not take this opportunity to briefly discuss one of the most beautiful moments of my life to date. This past Saturday night I participated in something that changed my life and allowed me to reach new heights of happiness that I had never previously realized obtainable. I did not break my celibate ways or begin systematic drug use. I simply stood and listened to the joyous chords of Skavoovee.

Skavoovee for those of you who missed it was a show that brought together five ska bands from around the world, representing four eras in the history of this style of music. For lovers of ska, or for lovers of music in general, it was five hours of ecstasy.

Insatiable, The Toasters, Selecter, Special Beat and The Skatalites all love ska. With the help of a fantastic sound system and the surprisingly good acoustics of a huge metal barn (complete with dirt floor), upbeat, fun-loving grooves filled body and soul with unprecedented joy.

The evening was highlighted by the performance of the original ska band: The Skatalites. Headed by five original members (all well into their sixties) this band not only put on an incredible performance, but had a great time doing it. It was obvious that their love of the music runs deep. For a moment we were taken back to 1962 in Jamaica when the Skatalites filled dancehalls on a regular basis.

Provo has indeed seen its finest ska show ever and possibly one of the best shows to ever travel through these parts. I only hope my wedding night can be so fulfilling.

I was indeed so moved by the occasion that I took the liberty of writing a short play to express my feelings. (I can actually best express myself through mime but a newspaper does not lend itself well to this medium):

Seeing Peaches

Setting: A cold night. Leaves are scattered on the ground. The sky is clear with hundreds of stars twinkling above. A single lamppost on the side of the street makes a sharp circle of light on the ground. Scott is standing alone under the light. A stranger approaches.

Stranger: Hey, buddy, are you O.K.? You look bad, real bad.

Scott: Wow! I really enjoyed that show. Kill me now!

Stranger: What are you talking about crazy person? Are you on drugs?

Scott: Just one more song, can't they play just one more song?

Stranger: Where do you live, buddy, you need to get home.

Scott: (hitting himself on the head with a 2X4) I don't need to live! End it now! I'm finished!

Stranger: I'm calling the cops on you wacko. (Stranger exits left.)

Scott: (screaming) Why has the music stopped? Don't touch me!

Why can't there be more music? Time is running out!

(A siren sounds off stage.)

Scott: Ah, the music! Play on, lovely ones! Play on and on and on! (Laughs hysterically.)

(A police car speeds up. A policeman and the stranger get out.)

Stranger: That's the one. He's lost it, he's a menace to this fine city of ours.

Policeman: Come on buddy, maybe a few years in a mental institution will teach you some respect for others and yourself.

Scott: Why are my pants so tight? I can't see the peaches anymore!

Stranger: (laughing and pointing at Scott) Serves you right, looney person!

(Police car speeds off and stranger is left standing alone under the light. He takes off one shoe and runs off stage left, whooping.)

The End.

Scott C. Whitmore

Note from the other editor:

I would be sorely ungrateful if I did not take this opportunity to briefly discuss one of the most beautiful moments of my life to date. I went to New York City.

Sam Cannon

Staff person of the week:

We would like to send out a special thanks this week to the lovely and talented Marsha Ellis. Long overdue since we have already used her artwork in most of the issues this year, including covers on issues 2 and 7 and throughout this very issue, this hearty thanks resounds from deep within our bellies. Her style goes excellently with the feeling we have tried to convey in the paper this year and we hope to continue to use her work as long as she will let us. Let's all give Marsha the customary *Student Review* cheer: Hop on one foot and dance around in a circle backwards while singing "Marsha is so neat" repeated over and over and sung to the tune of the *Hawaii 5-O* theme while clapping your hands in a syncopated rhythm. We would appreciate people going to her house and doing this as often as possible.

Ethics in the Entertainment Industry

by Jeffrey Lines

During recent years segments of the public have consistently criticized acts of violence and sex portrayed on television and in movies. Most recently, tens of thousands of people across the country protested against "NYPD Blue," the new television program that boasts the most sex and violence ever seen on prime time. The protesters bring to our attention an important fact; the ethical standards of the entertainment industry are declining rapidly. Protesters stand at a juncture in the road to reform and must decide between two paths offered as solutions to this problem. The worst path, that of moral legislation, promises failure, while the path of increased public education guarantees success.

Some activists walk the first path by desiring laws that would limit sex and violence in the arts. But these laws will fail for a number of reasons; foremost, ethics and values resist definition. To construct a fair ethical system we would have to question thousands of people to get a consensus of the acceptable moral standards. Moreover, an average of all the responses will not satisfy anyone. Each individual believes in the correctness of their value system and does not easily



submit to change or compromise. Therefore, one cannot logically delineate the term "ethical" because with so many opinions, no consensus exists.

This lack of consensus makes the formulation of new laws impossible. Many absurd questions would arise regarding the interpretation of morality that would require equally absurd answers. Moral regulatory laws are not plausible because they discriminate against peoples' right to

watch what they want. The free expression and choice of individuals cannot be limited. Opposition groups could justifiably keep these laws tied up in the courts for years.

Besides, as our country has seen before, groups cannot effectively force lasting values upon others. Prohibition served as a perfect example; legislation could not change drinking habits. Laws alone will not keep people from engag-

ing in behavior and activities they enjoy. It takes education to change people.

Therefore, activists should focus solely on education of the masses. The public must realize that the solution is an aggressive use of the consumer's role in the economic law of supply and demand. Under this principle, we in essence would choose the future themes seen on television and in the movies. When consumers watch a play, movie, or television program, they cast a vote of approval for its thematic content. The industry executives then focus on the number of viewers that watch specific themes. The executives promote future productions based on the shows and themes that attract the biggest audience. Because programs with low morals have succeeded, more of them are produced. We must realize that morally deficient shows are not part of a conspiracy plot to corrupt us, but merely the effect of capitalism and our own poor choices.

Therefore, activists must inform the public how to make good decisions and change this process. People must realize the power of their individual voices. First,

"Entertainment"
cont. page 9

Control My Life, Please

My uncle Don is a Salt Lake cop. He's quite a character. At family gatherings a crowd will always form around Don, and, after some prodding, he'll regale us with his latest gruesome tale—usually of some idiot killing himself with a gun.

At grandpa's birthday last month, Don told us about a little boy who took "half his head off" with his father's rifle. These stories always start discussions, with Don playing moderator. The father, as one of my cousins hurriedly reminded us, had neglected *many* gun rules. Keep the ammunition out of the gun. Keep the safety on. Keep it out of the reach of children. Why, guns aren't dangerous, my cousin said, no more than a properly used knife or a lawn mower.

"Yeah," interrupted Don, "and if I were a real NRA supporter I could go on like that too. But guns," he said with finality, "are different."

That they are. There were *no* deaths last year attributed to concealed lawn mowers, and I have never heard of a drive-by knifing. This is not to be facetious. This is simply to back up Officer Don's assertion that the raw number of people who die each year because of a bullet fired by a handgun (13,000 last year—*Newsweek*, Oct. 11, 1993, p.33) simply makes guns a different issue. The total number of gun deaths in America, including accidents, is three times that amount—more than 37,000 deaths. That's what keeping guns free from regulation and red tape (leaving them less controlled than any other deadly device, including poisonous chemicals, explosives and pit bulls) gets us every year.

Sure, guns don't kill, the people using them do. The cops know that, don't they? Well, of course they know that. That's why they want to make certain that killers, or people who might kill, can't easily get a hold of such lethal weapons in the first place. Most of the police officers I have known have been like my Uncle Don—not so much idealists as decent women and men who identify one way or another with living life at street level, just as we university parasites somehow identify with the life of the mind. As such, your average police officer is unlikely to be a fastidious pacifist—most are quite familiar with violence, maybe even grew up with it, and they don't squeamishly turn away from the hunter with a rifle on the wall. But that sort of timidity is simply *not* what gun control is about, no matter how often gun fanatics try to paint their opponents as a "bunch of pansies."

Real gun control is about getting all the killing machines out there under some sort of control so the killers can't get a hold of them. The National Rifle Association and police departments haven't been on good terms since 1982, when the NRA, showing its colors as a tool for weapon manufacturers, opposed a ban on armor-piercing bullets (*New Republic*, Oct. 11, 1993, p.12). Since then, in an attempt to preserve the ridiculous idea that a vote against gun control is a vote for law and order, the NRA and other gun proponents have been propping up marginal police-oriented organizations such as the National Association of Chiefs of Police, and the Law Enforcement Alliance of America. These and many other similar groups are all

headed by former NRA officers, or have been shamelessly promoted by them in the past in the hopes of making it seem as though police officers think it's a bad idea to ban assault weapons, limit handgun purchases to one a month (who on earth could need a new handgun *every month*?), or to institute a five-day waiting period and mandatory background check before you can buy a gun. It hasn't worked. Representatives of the largest and most reputable police organizations, like the 248,000-member Fraternal Order of Police, know the difference between real police issues and the NRA's "frauds" (*NR*, Oct. 11, 1993, p.14).

Despite this, the resources and arguments of the NRA were welcomed by Utah Governor Mike Leavitt three weeks ago at the special legislature session dealing with gang violence. Salt Lake City legislators struggled to pass strong gun control laws, to stop the flow of guns into the city and to clamp down on gangs' access to weapons that kill. The NRA stopped the city's attempt to address their own law enforcement needs (which are obviously much different than, say, St. George's), and has said it will contribute to the legal action being taken against Salt Lake's gun control ordinances (*Salt Lake Tribune*, Oct. 13, p. 21).

Granted, anti-gun control groups aren't what they once were; they've seen the writing on the wall. The NRA has even backed legislation designed to slow down the purchase of guns by minors. That's nice, though interesting. If the NRA's problem with gun control is that it's always done piecemeal and that criminals will obtain guns anyway, why support *any* such efforts? Why, as one observer wrote, does the NRA spend "millions of dollars to kill a proposed gun control law in some state...[and]...the next minute say that the failure of that state's laws proves gun control can't work"? (*NR*, April 10, 1989, p.42). Could it be because they know their gun ideology in this violent age will not survive intact without lying to two different groups of people at the same time?

After years of debate, the Brady Bill will soon be voted on and will probably become law. This bill will institute a nation-wide waiting period for gun purchases. It's a good step toward controlling guns, but it's only one step. The NRA will point to the murder rate and claim laws like the Brady Bill are foolish. And they are, if people believe such laws are anything other than a first step. The flow of guns must be controlled, not just slowed. The number of handgun murders in Great Britain last year was 22—12,978 fewer murders than in America. Make all the arguments you want about moral decline, violence on TV, light prison sentences, whatever; most every industrial country in the world suffers from similar problems, but they're not crazy enough to use them as excuses to avoid doing what must be done. The fact is those murders *would not have happened without the guns to commit them*. Forget the NRA's paranoid interpretation of the Second Amendment. Save us from them, and ourselves. Support the real police—do what *they* say. Clamp down on guns. Control their manufacture *and* sale. Preserving America's "hunter culture" does not mean letting the violence continue. It can end. Just take away the guns.

Russell Arben Fox

Interpretations

Campus Life

Top Twenty

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Skavoovee | 11. paddycakes |
| 2. post-Halloween sugar high | 12. naked trees |
| 3. cognitive development | 13. Jesse's Girl |
| 4. 2-ply TP | 14. selling water for 50¢ |
| 5. mafia contacts | 15. Signature books |
| 6. farm animals on campus | 16. rhyming |
| 7. free concerts | 17. flannel sheets |
| 8. juice | 18. cappuccino muffins |
| 9. Chia pet turtles | 19. River Phoenix (R.I.P.) |
| 10. central heating | 20. "XYZ examine your zipper" |

Bottom Ten

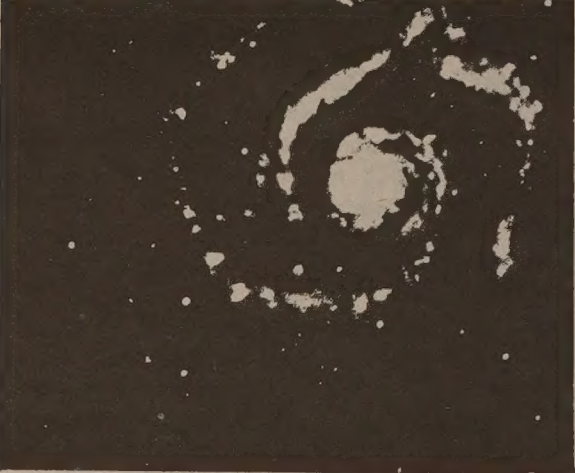
record clubs, Spanish Fork cops, old girlfriends coming to town, buying water for 50¢, being jilted, bulimia, people who illegally park in handicapped spots, racial slurs, grievous bodily harm, Barney

Mystic Road Trips

The next month of the semester is typically viewed as the "I blew my midterms, so what's the point" stage of schooling. During this stage, thousands of students grab some Dr. Pepper and Hostess O's and head for undiscovered country. But, maybe you're tired of the "old town" outlets of Park City, or you don't consider visiting Temple Square a road trip. May I suggest some trips to LDS monuments that you won't find in any visitor's guide: a boulder resembling Joseph Smith's face, a polygamist temple complete with armed guards, and a state park full of prank-pulling, disembodied Gadianon robbers.

I'm not from Utah, but I did serve my mission here. I couldn't send postcards home of the Parthenon or Big Ben, so I had to look for more creative tourist attractions. This is how I stumbled across these mystic road trips. I'm not making this up. Members in Delta, Cedar City, and St. George have seen these places and will testify of their existence. Although they swear they've seen it, they're a little wary about giving directions. I guess it's an ecological thing. They just don't want too many tourists snooping around altering the boulder's surrounding environment. This ecological concern is not an insurmountable obstacle; in fact, a simple Big Gulp purchase will overcome it.

Convenience store clerks give the best directions. They are generally staffed by lifetime members of the town who know where most of the mystic spots in the country are; they usually go there on the weekends to get drunk. Understand that the directions you get will not be in terms of roads or street signs. These two elements of the Department of Transportation are noticeably missing from most of southern Utah. For instance, in Millard county, where you will find both Delta and Fillmore, there is only one stoplight—which is by the only 7-11. Be prepared to get your directions in terms of fence



posts, pastures, or road kill. Tell the clerk from the beginning that you don't know who the Johnson's are, so it is pointless to use their farm as a landmark. Clerks generally forget that you don't know all of the town members on a first name basis. When you turn from the highway, don't look for a paved road. Instead, look for the strip of the sagebrush that looks lower than surrounding sections. This is a southern Utah road.

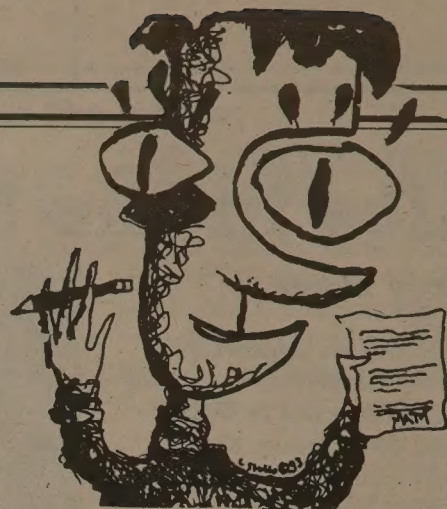
The boulder that looks like Joseph Smith's face is on one of these roads. Initially, you take the highway between Delta and Fillmore, but about five miles out you need to go cross-country. I'm not exactly sure where—I've never

been able to find it. I kept taking the wrong sagebrush road. I found about a dozen Delta High School party spots, but I never saw the prophetic boulder. Don't even try to get there using my meager directions; stop at the 7-11 for directions from a native.

If you can find Joseph Smith's face from Alma's (the 7-11 clerk) directions, you're ready for the polygamist temple. Take the second Cedar City exit and head west to Enterprise, Utah. The temple is shaped like a pyramid, and guards armed with UZIs surround the property. (Something tells me they don't have a visitor's center.) People swear you can see it glistening a 1/2 mile from the road. Notice I said *the* road. I mean the only paved road between Cedar City and Enterprise. If you know the fairy tale about the "Emperor's New Clothes," I think the same logic applies. Everybody is afraid to admit they can't see the thing because it means they're stupid. Cedar City was my greenie area on my mission, so in an effort not to look more befuddled in front of the members, I told them that I had seen the pyramid. (I told the members of Delta the same thing about Joseph's face.) You may want to stop at the Maxi-Mart on the way out.

When Brigham Young visited his winter home in St. George, he entertained the Saints with cool stories about the Gospel. Apparently the most evil band of Gadianon robbers lived around St. George. Brigham said that just before Christ visited the American Continent, what is now Pine Valley Mountain fell out of the sky and plopped on the band of robbers. If that wasn't a riveting enough story on its own, you'll be interested to know that some of the robbers were vacationing at what is now Red Cliffs State Park. We had some members take us up to the Park because they said you could feel the spirits of disembodied robbers. Well, it was P-Day, so why not? I didn't feel anything, but maybe you will. Sometimes the robbers play tricks on park-goers by throwing them to the ground. For extra fun, the robbers hold the person down until someone comes to help them. Those rascally robbers.

This kind of fun isn't for everybody. Some of you may want to stay home and study instead. For those of you who don't even know where your books are, don't forget to grab the Dr. Pepper.



Come change a filter with me.

Today I am a man. Well, I guess it's been about six months. I just like the sound of that sentence. I have lived almost all of my 24 years with a horrible title attached to me—That Guy With No Car. Those days are gone, but not forgotten.

Not having a car is an experience I would not wish on even the worst of my enemies, with the possible exception of Garth Brooks. The humiliation of having to stroll into your living room and say (with a special emphasis on your "privileged" roommates), "Hey, does anyone want to go to Smith's?" every time you need food is almost unequalled. I guess it would be worse to have to admit to something truly dreadful like being a member of Afterglow or the College Republicans, but not by much.

If the embarrassment of being carless were simply contained to the privacy of my home, I would have counted myself lucky. The big blows to what was left of my shriveled ego would come when I would try to get dates. "Yeah, I was wondering if you wanted to go do something on Friday. I was also wondering if you wanted to drive. Perhaps we could swing by Smith's on the way home?" The fact that I got any dates that way is proof that God loves me. Despite that, there is still some rule in our society that says that a truly manly man must drive on dates. It wasn't all bad, I guess. I dated one female who felt that taking the responsibility for driving also required her to pay for all movies and dinners we went to. (I should add that I feel Provo needs many more progressive women like this.) Outside of that one experience, not having a car did nothing to improve my social status.

Things were getting pretty bad. I didn't even have the option of ending it all by driving off a cliff. Just when things were getting unbearable, my parents moved to Arizona and had to divest themselves of a vehicle. They had a 1984 Mazda 626 (that they loved dearly), which had no air conditioning, rendering it basically useless in the barren desert that was now their home. They decided to give it to their only son, presumably with the hopes that it would enhance my social life and get me married before I became a disgrace to the family. Oh happy day! All of the sudden things were beginning to look up in my life. I had visions of beautiful women phoning me and saying, "Hey, are you the guy with the sexy Mazda? Why don't you bring it by my home and show me how well you operate the clutch. Perhaps we can change the air filter, if you get my drift."

There was one small flaw in my perfect fantasy. I forgot that I wasn't just getting a Mazda 626, I was getting a Mazda 626 Diesel. That's right, the Mazda Corporation made 16 diesel vehicles in the mid 1980s, and I just so happened to wind up with one. I don't know what it is, but there is something terribly un-sexy about a diesel car. One very rarely hears anybody say, "Have you seen Matt's car? It gets great mileage, and that just *does* something to me." Nope, the only comments I get sound something like, "Hey, what's that smell?"

Respect is in short supply when you own a diesel. Just uttering the word "diesel" can send many of my friends into fits of laughter. What a sick twist of fate, to wait half a lifetime for a car only to find yourself driving a "weenie" car. I guess it could be worse. I could own a Yugo or one of those old cars with comical names like Edsel or Vega.

I shouldn't whine too much, though. I get incredible mileage and the tiny motor makes it impossible to for me to ever become involved in a high-speed crash. My spiffy Mazda has also helped open a whole new chapter in my social life: I can now have Awkward Doorstep Moments at some place other than my own home. Hooray!

Yes, having my own transportation has somehow validated me as a human being. I can do anything I want. As a matter of fact, I could trot out my front door right now, get into my car, and drive anywhere I pleased. With the fuel in my tank right now, I could go to Salt Lake City, Evanston, Wyoming, Las Vegas, or even Los Angeles. The whole world is open to me. If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to Smith's now. Let me know if you need a ride.

MATTHEW WORKMAN'S 4184 WASTED CHARACTERS

BYUSA Appreciation Week

by Jon Ebbert

Some recent letters from BYUSA volunteers give the impression that they are feeling a bit unappreciated. Maybe they're not happy about getting a B- rating from students, or maybe we forgot to send them flowers on Valentine's Day. Whatever the case may be, we've decided make up for our gross insensitivity and declare this week official "BYUSA Appreciation Week."

Has anyone ever thought what campus life would be like without BYUSA? Think of all the work they do to bring us some undeserved happiness. Such as:

1. \$3000 rafting trips
2. Nepotism
3. Dances that end at 11:30 PM
4. Visits from obscure cabinet members of the Danish Prime Ministry

For those of you who were gone over the summer, or even slightly out of touch, the BYUSA president and some volunteers treated themselves to a rafting trip with some excess funds. A mere pittance in light of the "thousands" of hours selflessly spent to make our mirthless lives a little brighter.

Now I know what some of you are thinking, "I wasn't invited to any rafting trip, and rafting trips are a heck of lot more fun than visits from Denmark's hierarchy!" But that's your own fault because you refuse to get involved. You are the same people that ask, "Why don't I have unlimited travel, free golf, liberty to bounce checks at will and hefty campaign contributions?" And the answer is

A Confession

by Scott E. Baldwin

For the sake of personal reputation, let's call me Jimmy. Yeah, that's good. So I'm Jimmy, right, and I'm a freshman here BYU. Once again, for my protection, let's say that I live in, uh, Mayflower Hall, a part of Helaman Halls. So now that you all know me, Jimmy, (ignore the byline), let me get this out in the open: I, Jimmy, am a shower-aholic.

Until I came here, I had always been a "bath-man." You know, that whole tub-action-type-thing. I wasn't addicted or nothin', I just liked a good bath before early-morning Seminary. (Them prune-toes sure were funny, too). Anyhows, I was introduced to partitioned showering here in the dorms, and I haven't been the same since. Here's my story:

It started off real innocent-like. I would get up in the morning, grab some shampoo and a towel, and trot on down the hall for some personal cleaning. Yep, once-a-day was all I needed then. That was then.

There I was, alone in my own shower stall, oblivious to the harsh world that awaited me outside. I could be anyone that I wanted to be! Sly Stallone, Porter Rockwell, Ted Koppel, Judy Garland...the possibilities were endless.

The social ramifications also became quickly apparent. My floormates grew to fear morning-toiletries, knowing that I would eventually wake up, bellow "Showertime!", and sprint down the hall in only my Spiderman Underoos, ready to begin another day of water-filled fun. They eventually left me to my addiction, using other floors' bathrooms instead of risking any interaction with me. Needless to say, the custodial crew was not very fond of my practices, either. Many previously-secure student custodians left the 2100 floor weeping and emotionally drained. Yet still I showered on.

I had become dependent on showering; I can see that now. But at the time, I was immersed in self-denial. I told myself that I could stop any time I wanted to. I was still in control, I rationalized, it was just that I liked to be real clean. Really, really clean.

My immaculate obsession led me to dangerous behavior. I was no longer content to just shower in my puny dorm shower. I wanted more...oh, so much more. I systematically began showering in every building owned by BYU. Bathroom sinks, toilets, water fountains—anything served as an acceptable medium. The University Police were hot on my trail all the while, but I was much too smart for them. A pair of overalls and a walkee-talkie aided my hasty metamorphosis from Sir Nudey to Mr. Campus Employee. But my luck ran out one day, and I have paid for my crimes heavily. My reign of campus-shower-tower came to an end one chilly evening in the football locker room. I realized too late that I had gone beyond my boundaries—which was about the same time I was being beaten by the offensive line. Apparently my games with the soap dispenser were not appreciated. They wouldn't even believe me when I claimed to be Bryce Doman. I was "showered" with tough love from the team—so tough it ruptured my right lung.

So here I sit, in the Mc Donald Health Center, still awaiting treatment. I'm not sure what I'll do after I heal. Common sense would dictate a hiatus from showering. If only it were that easy...

There, I feel much better now. I can only hope that, somehow, my story has helped one soul escape from their watery-prison. Thank you, *Student Review*, for being sensitive enough to print this.

simple, you're not a member of Congress so you don't deserve them. How can you expect to enjoy the benefits of corrupt government, be it student or national, without being an elected official? So stop your whining.

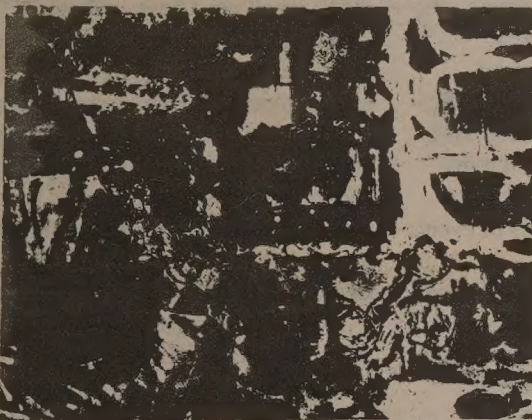
And BYUSA also deserves a big round of applause for changing the process of selecting the president. In fact if they haven't thought of a new way yet, here are some suggestions. Candidates could be selected on the basis of:

1. Proving to be a direct descendant of Rex E. Lee
2. Resembling Reverend Jimmy Bakker
3. Inhaling marijuana but not smoking it

I also hear they're trying to overhaul their image—perhaps to be a "kinder and gentler" BYUSA. If this is the case, here are some suggestions to help them change their image to something a little more vogue:

1. Replace freshman orientation games with free nipple piercing and tattoos.
2. Take \$3000 dollar trips to Caesar's Palace.
3. Cancel all "Beat Notre Dame" dances and have a "Beat Up Notre Dame fans" riot.
4. Dress like nuns.

If any of you readers have suggestions, please tell the next BYUSA volunteer you see on campus. Be sure to give them a big hug and let them know you appreciate them. And don't forget to ask why you weren't invited on the rafting trip.



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Arts & Letters

Pumping Plastic in Petro-paradise: Competitive Climbing Comes to Provo

by Jonathan Green

As I stand beneath the final route of the Rock Garden's climbing competition and look at it for the first time, I notice that the hand and footholds I have to work with are going to make for some difficult moves. Some dicey balance and strenuous lock-offs might bring me to the lip of the overhang above me, but the miserable-looking blobs of artificial rock above the lip don't look sufficient to keep me in balance, let alone serve as handholds for pulling myself up onto a sloping hold for my left foot. As I search for a solution from below in quiet desperation, my mind is filled with questions such as "How did I get myself into this," "What am I doing here," and, of course, "How am I going to get up there?"

The beginning of all this was innocent enough. The Rock Garden, Provo's climbing gym, was sponsoring a climbing competition. I believe in supporting the Rock Garden, as it is likely the least expensive climbing gym in the world. The BYU students who own the Rock Garden opened it on a tight budget and have kept both the prices and the atmosphere friendly for beginners. At the climbing gym in Salt Lake City, you can pay twice as much to watch top climbers perform; at the Rock Garden, they'll actually talk to you. And the free tank top and good chances of winning a door prize made the price of entering the beginners' division sound worthwhile. So Jason and I talked ourselves into signing up.

Jason has been one of my climbing friends since our freshman year. He's always had a disgustingly superior combination of low weight, high strength, and long reach. The rest of us used to joke that he should cut off his legs so he'd have less weight to haul around. Now, however, his technique has improved remarkably and we don't make jokes about him anymore. We



just get him to lead hard routes for us.

Jason and I have asked ourselves, "What's the worst thing that could happen?" The answer that we won't consciously admit to is, "the same thing that happened to Mark at last year's competition." Mark is another climbing friend who trained compulsively for last year's competition and had his sights set on winning. In the finals, he got blown away by a bunch of high school freshmen. Then he quit climbing, got engaged, and transferred to a college in Oregon. We try to convince ourselves that this series of events isn't causally related.

Both Jason and I had given up all hope of winning at the start. There are over 20 climbers in our division, and the local high schools appear to be well represented. Before the competition began, we told ourselves that, if nothing else, it would be good experience for us.

Beginning the competition meant, for us, waiting in a small crowded room for

our turn to climb. The idea is to prevent the competitors from seeing other climbers' strategies on the routes. It may be necessary, but I don't have to enjoy it. It was interesting to watch the competitors intent on victory respond to stress, but now it didn't smell very fresh in there.

The format of the competition is simple: there are six routes to be done on-sight by each competitor. Total points, based on how high one reaches on each route, determines the winner. On each climb, just enough people fall to make me nervous, as well as incite my repressed competitive nature, but not enough fall to help my chances of winning.

So it is with some surprise to find that, after climbing all six routes, Jason and I are among a handful who have also done all six without falling. Which is why I currently find myself staring up at the overhang above me, wondering how I'm going to get off the ground. I don't start climbing until my allotted time for observing the route

runs out, and then everything goes as I had planned: dicey balance to tricky moves beneath the overhang, reach up to a small undercling, extend the right hand to a pinch, lock it off so I can grab good holds above the lip, work the feet up, grab the miserable blotches, launch the left foot up to chest-level, pull down to rock my weight over onto it...

...and slip off into space. Once I'm back on the ground, I get to watch Jason come out and breeze through the route I had just failed on. And then another surprise: because Jason was the only competitor to climb the final route without falling, he wins the competition. And because I fell off the same hold as another competitor, the two of us are tied for second place—and therefore not finished climbing.

And so yet again I get to stare up at another climb and try to puzzle out the moves. This one starts out overhanging and ends nearly horizontal. Although there are good holds at the top, I'm not counting on them being able to help me overcome gravity for long: after seven routes, I'm tired. Third place is fine with me. All I care about is getting high enough to look respectable. This doesn't look likely: the first move involves grabbing a black half-cantaloupe and using it to pull up to a long reach to an inset pocket. So I grab it. I work my feet up. I reach for the pocket. Nothing doing—it's too far away. Luckily, there's a small edge within reach that I had overlooked, so I grab it instead and reach for a good hold. Now that I'm on good holds, the climbing is manageable until I find myself in a position most easily imaginable by looking up at the ceiling and trying to think of yourself hanging from it. The handholds are good, but my feet want to swing out from under me, and letting go with one hand to reach for the next hold means...

...hanging in mid-air from my harness again. But it was enough for second place and I was happy with it. I think I'll even give it a try next year, although I'll have to move up a division. Then I'll really have no chance.

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WALNUTTY BRUNCHCAKE (makes one 9-inch square)

¾ cup sugar
½ cup (1 stick)
Fleischmann's Margarine
½ cup finely chopped
Planters Walnuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 package Fleischmann's
Active Dry Yeast

¾ cup warm water
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2½ cups unsifted
flour
1 egg
¼ cup (½ stick)
Fleischmann's Margarine

Mix ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup melted margarine, walnuts, cinnamon. Spread in a greased 9" square pan. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add ¼ cup sugar, salt, half the flour. Beat until smooth. Add egg and ¼ cup softened margarine. Add rest of flour, beating until smooth. Spoon into pan, spreading evenly. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 375°F., 25-30 min. Invert on rack or plate. Serve warm.

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Poetry

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The tracks of trains never cross
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Buildings, too,
keep their distance,
and though they
might on cloudy days
huddle out of sight to confide secrets,
Never do.

The earth-rug
and the sky-roof
never touch
For there is no horizon.

Yet in daydreams
and other weaknesses,
I fear I've seen books
in the ends of long aisles
lean together in impossibility
before I could separate them.

Jess Morgan

Every Improv Is a Risk, Right? Meet The Garrens

by Emily Carlson

It's Friday night, and you feel like doing something really silly, only you're not feeling creatively capable of coming up with your own wild and crazy activity. If this is the case, The Garrens, a comedy troupe run by BYU students, may be the alternative to satisfy your sophomoric funny bone.

The Garrens, who were founded by a freshman dorm resident last year, perform six original skits interspersed with improvisations twice every Friday night. If you decide that The Garrens is to be your choice of Friday night activities, be sure to get there early, or call on Thursday to reserve your tickets. The 9:30 show almost always sells out.

The troupe consists of 13 performers, each of whom was chosen for their ability to humorously B.S. their way through outrageously situationed improvs. Their obvious ability to bluff through just about anything is perhaps the number one reason to give The Garrens a try. On the night I attended, they performed one of their famous "Shakespearean" improvs where three to four actors are placed in a situation and then told to improv only in Shakespearean *thees* and *thys*. While the particular improv I saw fell a little flat, the potential was definitely there. Besides, every improv is a risk, right?

Another bonus of The Garrens improv set-up is the audience participation. It is up to the audience to decide the setting of each improv. Each show also consists of a segment where the audience submits slips of paper stating situations they want The Garrens to act out. As each slip of paper is read, the actors are given 30 seconds to madly come up with something. Even when The Garrens fail to be funny, the audience's suggestions can add the humor that saves the day. Just the mention of a CEO attending a Grateful Dead Concert or a claustrophobic man losing his contact lens on a New York subway demands a smile, whether or not it is successfully acted out.

While the improvs smack of freshness and originality, the other half of the program could use an overhaul. Although all skits are written by The Garrens themselves, they are just a little too reminiscent of a ward road show or skit night for comfort. A lot of the humor seems to be based on cross-dressing and on nerdy costumes. The heavily 'froed janitors in "The Slogan" were funny the first time they bumbled across the stage, but the skit relies just a little too much on the actors' appearance for its laughs.

While The Garrens, unfortunately, cannot be accused of always having a high-brow, sophisticated wit, they still manage to elicit at least a grin from the toughest critic.

The Garrens perform every Friday night at 7:00 and 9:30 in 2084 JKHB (BYU). Call 377-1556 for more information or for large group reservations.

Welcome, Welcome Thursday Morning: Amy Hempel at BYU

brought to you by the section editor

Every once in a while, BYU does something that keeps it from sucking too completely. Case in point: Amy Hempel's visit this week. And I'm telling you about it now so that you can't come around later, crying about how you really wanted to go hear/meet Amy Hempel but didn't find out about it until it was all over. So if you miss it after reading this—well, you'll always have your next life as a reincarnated earwig to work off your bad karma.

It's true: Amy Hempel is coming to BYU this very week, on Thursday, Nov. 11. For those who don't know, she is the author of two books published by Knopf, *Reasons to Live* and *At the Gates of the Animal Kingdom*. Her short fiction has appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Harper's*, *The Yale Review*, etc., and has been featured in *The Best American Short Stories*, *The Pushcart Prize*, *The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction*, and so on and on. She has taught at New York University, and has published non-fiction in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Interview*, *Esquire*, etc. (again).

An impressive list, but even more impressive is her actual writing. I first read her during fall semester of my freshman year ("In the Cemetery Where Al Jolson Is Buried," from *Reasons...*), and it stuck. I won't pretend that I can talk intelligently about style and theme and all that, but I will say that Hempel is a writer who stays with you for a long time after you put the book down. I don't mean for hours, I mean for years. Too high praise? Maybe, but Cecilia Konchar Farr told me that she read "Nashville Gone to Ashes" before she started her PhD, and that she still remembers it, alone out of anything else she read before (and think of how much reading goes into earning a PhD). Besides Ceil and me, *The New York Times* says "her tart, tingly wit, her gift for empathy, her pointed sense of the grotesque announce a distinctive and finely tuned literary voice."

This is a woman who knows how to say it so you don't forget.

Now that you know a little (very little) about Amy Hempel, here's the schedule so you can find out more:

Thurs., Nov. 11, 9:45-10:50
321 ELWC
Fiction Writing Seminar/Lecture

Thurs., Nov. 11, 2:00-3:00
1081 JKHB
Fiction Reading (informal reception and booksigning to follow)

If you have schedule conflicts, my advice is to ditch class, give your dentist his 24 hours notice, and let your hair go untrimmed for a little longer. No sacrifice is too great.

Hempel's books are available at our own BYU Bookstore, and probably at Atticus and other stores around town. I suggest you buy and read them by Thursday, so that you'll be more prepared to listen and discuss (both collections are available in paperback). I believe she'll be discussing "The Harvest" (from *At the Gates...*), "In the Cemetery..." and a story by Mark Richard called "Strays" (from his collection *The Ice at the Bottom of the World*) during the morning session, for those who wish to be prepared.

Even if you can't get your hands on these or any of her other stuff, come anyway. I say without hesitation that my experiences with visiting writers at BYU were among the best experiences I had in my entire college career. This is a chance to be grateful for the opportunities given you by your alma mater (for a change—oh, I'm kidding, don't get all fired up about school pride). So don't be shy, come listen and talk with one of the great writers of our time. I tell you this for your benefit (and that of your next few incarnations). See you Thursday.

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Local Music 102

by Hammond Chamberlain



Those of you lucky enough to read the Noise page on a regular basis probably saw Local Music 101 a few weeks ago. (For you unfortunate souls who missed it, it gave brief introductions to several of Provo/Orem's local bands.) Well, as generous as the *SR* editors are, there just wasn't enough room for all the bands worthy of mention. Provo is a unique place. Despite its relatively small size and the dearth of performing venues (another venue, The Pod, recently closed its doors, may it rest in peace), there are a lot of bands and artists in the area. Of course some are better than others, but there is definitely some talent around here. Hopefully these musicians will be able to come out of the closet and gain some exposure to wider audiences as at least two new local music venues are currently in the works. In the meantime, Sonic Garden and Crandall Audio carry a wide selection of local recordings. They're inexpensive and enjoyable. So support the scene and pick up a tape or two.

Local Music 102 will follow the same format and star rating system as 101: one star means the

tape may be useful for recording lectures over and five stars means the band is ready to be signed.

Theory Of The Mind: This instrumental collection could make a great soundtrack for a horror flick. Each piece creates a slow, moody, deliberate motion. There was probably some classical training and certainly some creativity behind the music. 3 1/2 Stars

Shufflin' Noah: *First Load* captures the straight ahead pop/rock sound that Noah is known for. There are touches of ska, metal, and rap tangled together in a very happy collection of songs. This band is fun to see live. Get some munchies and watch the carefree antics of a wireless show. Be careful when you get the tape though—mine had only one side and was mis-labeled. 4 1/2 Stars

The Slamheads: . . . *Because Art is Dead* is an enjoyable set of mellow, old school new wave. One of the members of the band is also involved with Sam I Am. Don't judge this tape by its cover; it'll grow on you if you let it. 4 1/2 Stars

Sons Of Thunder, Where Heaven and Hell Meet: This two man group uses all the tricks to

get a good sounding, melodic tune. The lyrics are pretty religious, and the meditative accompaniment fits well with them. The vocals are affected to the point that they are difficult to understand without the written words in your hands. 3 1/2 Stars

Ampersand: This is the hottest of the "grunge" bands in the area. Some of the members of Season of the Spring (formerly Bad Yodelers) joined to create a loose jazz hybrid. The first song on the tape is "Take Five" (a Dave Brubeck piece) meets "Angry Chair" (an Alice In Chains song). It is incredible. The rest of the tape is a tight performance of technically skilled confusion and mayhem. 5 Stars

Sope: Another "grunge" band and a new-comer from Orem. The three songs on their tape demonstrate a great deal of diversity and skill. I think they sound a lot like Season of the Spring. I hope to hear more from these guys—I like them. Three songs, five bucks. Give it a listen. 4 Stars

Water Front, Inside Yesterday: This is an older effort by a great band. They do have a new EP out on vinyl. This is a talented family act that knows how to

rock. I haven't heard much about them, but I hope to hear more. The more metal sounds are a nice change from your daily dose of "grunge." I love this band. 5 Stars

Flavor of the Week:

The Beloved Conscience

Intricate melodies accompanied by the mellow vocals of Jon Marsh are the staple Beloved sound. With the songwriting help of his wife, Helena, Jon has created a beautiful tribute to happiness, peace, and harmony.

The Futuristic Sound of Artificial Intelligence

by Michael Ridd

In the summer of 1992, British dance label Warp Records released a compilation entitled *Artificial Intelligence* which showcased an exciting style of techno music. The artists on the compilation were inspired by Detroit's techno innovators, as well as European pioneers such as Brian Eno, Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk. The result was music that was seductive and experimental. Warp labeled the sound "electronic listening music."

The *Artificial Intelligence* compilation was a commercial success, introducing listeners to a form of techno that was far more sophisticated than that of chart-friendly acts like 2 Unlimited. Encouraged by its positive reception, Warp launched a series of electronic listening music albums under the Artificial Intelligence banner. All of the albums in the series have done well in the UK, both critically and commercially. Now, the Artificial Intelligence series has become available in America thanks to Wax Trax! Records.

The *Artificial Intelligence* disc is the first domestic release in the series. It contains ten tracks by seven acts including Autechre, Musicology, Up! and Dr. Alex Paterson of the Orb. Although it is now over a year old, the compilation has dated extremely well and the music still sounds fresh.

Surfing on Sine Waves by Polygon Window is the best-selling disc in the series. Polygon Window is one of the pseudonyms used by Richard James, best known as the Aphex Twin. James has become one of the few "stars" to emerge from the techno genre. A former electronics student, he builds his own analog instruments. As a result, his work has a one of a kind sound. Last year, the frenetic Aphex Twin single "Digeridoo (Analogue Bubblebath 2)" made a major impression on UK music fans. UK artists like Jesus Jones, Curve and Saint Etienne lined up to have James remix their material. *Surfing on Sine Waves* debuted near the top of the indie charts earlier this year. Tracks vary from the mellow "Quino-phec" to the pounding, industrial-strength single "Quoth." James promises a triple-album as the Aphex Twin later this year.

The next release in the series is *Bytes*, a collection of tracks by the mysterious collective called Black Dog Productions, which claims to come from "Cyberia." Black Dog has long been an influential force in the British dance underground. The Black Dog sound is Detroit-

inspired techno with a jazzy feel.

B-12 is the team of Steve Rutter and Michael Golding, who also record as Red Cell and Musicology. Their album is entitled *Electro-Soma*. Although the duo list Gary Numan and Howard Jones as influences, their elegant sound is futuristic rather than nostalgic. B-12 blend hypnotic rhythms, minimalistic melodies and dreamy ambiance on standout tracks like "Hall Of Mirrors," "Metropolis" and the beatless "Soundtrack of Space."

Dimension Intrusion by FUSE assembles tracks created by Canadian musician Richie Hawtin, founder of the respected +8 Records. FUSE incorporates elements of acid house with techno, creating a visceral form of dance music represented by pounding tunes like "FU" and "Substance Abuse."

Upcoming releases in the Artificial Intelligence series include albums by Autechre, Sabres of Paradise and Holland's Speedy J, as well as a second

Artificial Intelligence compilation.

Warp Records is proving that techno needn't be empty or mindless, as the liner notes on the first compilation note: "The atmosphere and emotion both come from the musicians, their machines are merely the means to a human end." All of the Artificial Intelligence albums are highly recommended to those who wish to hear groundbreaking artists expanding the boundaries of electronic music.

Closet Favorites

(Music you secretly love but can't admit to anyone.)

"A year and a half ago, I saw the MTV 120 Minutes show with Live, PIL, and Big Audio Dynamite. The opening band for this extravaganza was Blind Melon. They were horrible! The music was dull and boring, and the singer was infatuated with his own hair. For the next year, whenever I talked about that concert, I had to mention how much I hate Blind Melon. Now, they have a new album, with newfound popularity and airplay. The first time I heard that single (I don't even know what it's called) that is played all the time these days, I felt the music penetrate my body. I can't explain it, especially since I hate the band that sings it, but that song moved me somehow. I don't like anything else they sing, but this one song I have to grudgingly admit to liking."

— Heather Lawrence, from Palos Verdes Estates, CA, majoring in English

If you have a Closet Favorite, send it to: Dave Seiter, The Famous Noise Editor, P.O. Box 1971, Provo, Utah 84603-1971. Include what you like, why you can't admit it, your name, hometown, and major.

Nuts and Bolts

by J. Scott Craig



October 19th. I snatch the last copy of *Counterparts*, the fifteenth studio album (not counting three live recordings and a multi-disc "best of" collection) of Rush—the legendary Canadian power trio. The cover portrayed a simple line drawing of a nut and a bolt. Pondering the apparent sexual symbolism, I placed the disc and some money on the counter. The exchange done, I pocketed my change, tucked the merchandise in my backpack, and hurried home.

After a brief, but victorious, struggle with the recalcitrant plastic wrapping, I dropped the disc into the CD player. With lights dimmed, bean-bag chair aligned, and remote control in hand, I was prepared.

Before one minute had passed, I was left perplexed, trying to follow the music and simultaneously interpret the lyrics. Rather than continuing with such divided attention, I determined to just listen to the music and leave the lyrics for later.

The tunes were not accessible; not immediately, at least. Those

familiar with Rush's work over the past twenty years are well acquainted with the trademark signature switches which render dancing virtually impossible (i.e. for bipeds). However, after hearing most of the songs a couple of times, one may establish a comfortable, albeit erratic, groove.

Stylistically, the album has a different sound from Rush's previous work—a half twist of a *je ne sais quoi*. It is still essentially heavy rock, if Rush can be so handily pigeonholed, but maintains considerable distinctiveness from the genre.

Performances across the board are superb. Geddy Lee's intricate bass work, recently showcasing a subtle funk flavor, takes prominence in many songs, vacillating between rhythm and lead. Alex Lifeson continues his pattern of writhing, organic guitar solos, producing a fullness of sound which greatly contrasts the pure, spare sound evident in earlier albums. And Niel Peart (the fifth inductee in the *Modern Drummer* Hall of Fame) once again delivers an incomprehensible graduate

seminar for percussionists the world over.

Despite the complex interweaving of instruments and frequent meter changes, the execution is flawless—machine-like in its precision. Though remedial dance rhythms and tunes may have a place in popular culture, something must be said for skill in performance, notwithstanding some sacrifice of danceability.

The musical component is only half the story, complemented by lyrics (crafted by Peart and sung by Lee) equal in complexity. This album marks a change from the more esoteric ground which Peart has been wont to tread. The problem of evil, questions of free will and determinism, the existence of God, Utopianism, Rand's objectivism, and the nature of man do not dominate the lyrical content as they have in past albums. Rather, as the title and cover indicate, the discussion is primarily gender related. Peart criticizes the polarizing nature of current gender perceptions. Though he readily acknowledges differences between men and women, he claims that they are not so great as some would have us think. Further, the differences between the sexes are more productively viewed as compatibilities rather than as barriers (hence the nut and bolt portrayed on the cover). He pleads with the world's not-so-diverse population to build bridges—not to burn them. This idealistic nature, pitted against a darkly perceived reality, results in a disturbing tone which cannot be accurately labeled as optimistic or pessimistic. It does provoke thought, however.

Fans of recent Rush recordings will be amply satisfied with the material. But if you are unfamiliar with this unique sound or are looking for easy listening, both musically and lyrically, I would not advise the purchase of this particular album. However, if complex arrangements and critical-minded lyrics appeal to you, this is the place.

Continued...

Entertainment

the public must stop watching the shows. This is an obvious solution, and by far the most effective. It sends a clear message to the entertainment executives that they cannot ignore. Can you imagine the result if no one showed up to the opening of the first *Rambo* movie? We wouldn't have suffered through the dehumanizing violence of two more.

Next, the public must shun the corporations who advertise their products during the shows. A large, angry segment of the population involved in a boycott sends fear into the hearts of the corporations that sales will decline. Like a domino effect the sponsoring businesses will pull their financial support for the programs, and the networks necessarily will cancel the show.

Of course, letters and noisy protests to newspapers, networks, and advertisers are sometimes effective, but will not force nearly the same extent of change as will economic reprisals. The beauty of the supply and demand system is that the industry itself initiates bold steps toward reform. Moreover, because "money speaks louder than words," this economically-based strategy will silence the rhetoric and faulty reasoning of the status quo sympathizers.

In summary, activists need to stop wasting their time with legal solutions and go directly to where they can make the difference—educating the masses about the effects of supply and demand on the performing arts market. Within a short time this formula will succeed in dramatically altering the current moral nadir in the entertainment industry.



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Religion

When in Rome

by Matt Jennings

If you've ever been to Rome, you know that it is dirty, noisy, and (in September) hot. The streets are crowded and the Romans impatient. Courtesy is a rare commodity, and a sense of security is equally difficult to find. But right in the middle of the city is the Vatican and the cathedral of St. Peter.

The building itself is one of the most majestic I have ever seen, a breathtaking testament to the faith and devotion of those who built it and of those who toiled to pay for its building. Adding to the sense of wonder is the faith of the throngs of Catholics who journey to this geographic center of their religion. I could not help but be moved by the Sunday mass I was able to attend and by the prayers of the faithful at my side. I was touched

by the sincerity of the worshipers, especially juxtaposed as it was with the sightseeing masses to which I belonged.

Then, because it was Sunday and because I was with a BYU group, we returned to our hotel to have our own private sacrament meeting. What an experience! To break and bless a loaf of Italian bread, to have a testimony meeting in the small cafeteria of a Roman hotel. But as I listened to the words of my friends and travel companions, my heart began to sink.

Intermingled with the affirmations of our own faith came a series of condemnations of Catholics and Catholicism. I was the only member of our party, it seemed, who had noticed anything besides the empty rituals

and blind faith in the meaningless. The fervent prayers, the tears of joy, the out-of-place acts of kindness apparently went unseen. Many jokes were made about the ubiquitous nuns and priests, but nobody seemed to admire the dedication and faith of these men and women. In short, much was made of how "right" we (LDS) are and how "wrong" the Catholics and everything about them are.

Yet every member of that group, and the vast majority of the LDS Church, owes a great debt to Catholicism. I don't know everyone's story, but I will share my own. Because my parents had been raised as strong Catholics, faith in God and Jesus was always a pillar of our home. We never doubted the effectiveness of

prayer, the importance of charity, or the need to avoid sin. As a result, when my parents were introduced to the LDS Church, it was not a great leap to embrace this "improved" form of Christianity.

As a missionary in Latin America, I never had any problems finding people who believed in a loving Heavenly Father. The truthfulness of the Bible was not questioned once during my two years in a country 99% Catholic. The work of missionaries in my mission was greatly boosted by the Christianity already in place—Catholicism—that had been taught to the natives by dedicated, sincere Catholic priests, centuries before. Even so, I often heard missionaries and Church members alike cursing the influence of the

Catholic Church on the people.

When Joseph Smith was confused by the diversity of religion in his time, he found the answer he needed in a Bible that had been preserved through the generations by sincere, well-intentioned Christians. What might he have done, if he had never read James?

There is a tendency within the Church to belittle and mock other religions, thanking the Lord that we are not so blind as they. My own experience has taught me that quite the opposite should be the case. When we take time to understand how they have affected us, we will see that whatever denominations have fed the souls of our ancestors and our peoples are deserving of our respect and gratitude.

Perspective from a Mormon at a Catholic University

by Rebekah A. Stephenson

This past Sunday in Sunday School we were discussing the Nicene Creed. The teacher brought a copy of the Creed to class and asked for a volunteer to read parts aloud to the class. When this was announced, my interest was perked and I stopped looking at the second hand on my watch to see how these Mormons would handle discussing another religion. More importantly however, we were going to discuss Catholicism. I spent last year at a Catholic University in St. Paul, and the idea of discussing Catholicism brought back old memories of late night theological discussions with my Catholic friends. However, disappointment slapped me in the face when after the Creed was read and a few students laughed out loud, my teacher said something along the lines of "I don't know about you, but that was too confusing for me. Aren't we glad we have the godhead clearly outlined in D&C 130? Could I have a volunteer read verse..." At the time I was still lost in shock that people I had once perceived as intelligent, mature individuals would have the audacity to ignorantly dismiss the foundation of another religion on the grounds that it is "confusing." The laughter in the room reeked of ridicule, even though we never actually discussed what it was we were ridiculing. The purpose of reading the Nicene Creed was to compare the misguided attempt by the Catholics at understanding the godhead, to our perfectly pure and truthful account in the Doctrine and Covenants.

I do commend my Sunday School teacher for bringing in another understanding of the godhead, but I can not condone the fact that we sat in class and argued against the "ignorance" of Catholicism without actually seeking an interpretation or understanding of the Nicene Creed. How often do we return to the security of our faith when discussing religious philosophy instead of questioning and truly considering all schools of thought? It is easy to discuss and even defend our understanding of the godhead when we blindly dismiss all other thought as lacking in proper inspiration. What I am afraid of is that we many times nourish our faith and our understanding of the Gospel from the inside, instead of fortifying it from the outside with diverse opinions. How strong is a faith that refuses to question, or how devote is the soul that blindly follows?

Last year at St. Thomas, I found myself many times trying to prove to myself that I still believed in the faith my parents taught at home. I did not find myself questioning because of rebellion or because it was the *hip* thing to do, but because classroom discussion at St. Thomas was completely open and even provocative. The questioning of students and professors caused most of us to stop and think. Although I was a minority, a Mormon in a Catholic school, I was not looked upon as ignorant to the truths of the Catholic church, but moreover, I was respected because of my differences. I am afraid sometimes that we, myself included, see people of different faiths and think, "She's just not ready for the truth yet," or "The Spirit hasn't touched him yet." How accepting are we of other faiths, not only people of other faiths, but theologies and philosophies of other faiths?

This does not mean in any respect that we should embrace other faiths like an impetuous rebel from an overly sheltered high school, but that we should cultivate an attitude of respect and even interest in what our spiritual brothers of other religions adopt as Truth.

At St. Thomas, I never felt the need to defend myself or my religion. Friends and professors respectfully asked me about Mormonism because they were interested. The interest did not stem from a contrived plan to build a foundation for argument, but many times while discussing differences, I felt as though we were purely interested in *understanding* each other. I am afraid that when we associate ourselves with only Mormons and build strength in the Church, we become weak in accepting and ultimately loving our brothers and sisters of different faiths. True, one of the basic principles of the Church is to spread the Gospel; however we cannot build loving relations with our brothers and sisters if we do not seek to understand instead of convert them. Conversion will come by the Spirit in the Lord's time. It is our task to learn to love, respect, and understand other faiths.

Not only does this respect allow for open relations with people of diverse faiths, but is also harbors the ability in our own minds and souls to probe for truth within ourselves. It is vital to our faith to build its foundations from within. I have found myself many times guilty of proving my faith to myself by trying to prove it to someone else. I hope that we can see beyond this immature behavior and try to respect faiths and build our own foundations in the quiet chambers of our individual souls.

Aside from the religious difference, St. Thomas is very much like Brigham Young University. Many of St. Thomas' students enroll because it provides a scholastic home for the Catholic mind, just like many of us attend Brigham Young because of its Mormon influence. Like BYU, St. Thomas has its differences between students and authority, but whereas we discuss "academic freedom," the students of St. Thomas discuss the Pope's latest decree on fornication. I am concerned that although we argue

about academic freedom, we fail to actually act on it in a respectful manner. In this sense, academic freedom is closely related to religious freedom, and requires mature respect in its discussion. We cannot dream of having academic freedom if we cannot maintain a respect of religious freedom. Because St. Thomas harbors the notion of respect and acceptance of diverse thought, it is also a forum for discussing differences, yes, even between the priests or professors and the students themselves. The University of St. Thomas, while maintaining its dignified, conservative foundation (much like BYU) also maturely maintains thoughtful provocative discussion on faith, commandments and the outside world. We cannot begin to discuss "academic freedom" if we maintain an undeveloped practice of respect towards other faiths and secular philosophies. Because we can never allow open forum for thought in the classroom, we have to hide it in the back alleys of unendorsed newspapers and intimate discussions with friends and family.

We must cultivate a mutual feeling of respect in order to understand and nourish the human mind and soul through diversity. Complete nourishment comes from balancing the mind and soul with opposing schools of thought in order to strengthen our own convictions. On both sides of discussion, both the defense and opposition to faith, it is ultimately necessary to lovingly respect the beliefs and opinions of others. If we honestly seek to strengthen our minds and souls, we will seek understanding instead of contention. We respect and love the opinions of people within our own womb of faith. Why then is it difficult for us to lovingly accept and ultimately try to understand diverse beliefs?



Catholic-Bashing in LDS Culture

by Matt McLean

“You can think what you want to, elder, the truth is the truth,” said my companion. He had strapped up his right pant leg and now mounted his missionary mechanical steed, by which he meant to say “I’m right—conversation over.” He was my senior companion, and by that he generally assumed he was my superior in knowledge of religious doctrine; which perhaps he was.

But I was sure of my facts this time. The Catholic church is not the great and abominable “whore of the earth.” This was one of the Mormon myths I heard a general authority denounce while I was in the MTC, along with the “blacks were pre-existence fence-straddlers” myth, and the ever-popular “Coke is against the Word of Wisdom” myth.

Bruce R. McConkie was my companion’s hero, and “GA of choice.” The fact that McConkie was forced to remove the Catholic-damning passage (as well as several other controversial passages) from his book, *Mormon Doctrine*, convinced my companion of the existence of a “GA-plot” against him.

“They’re trying to hush him up because the truth would cause too much commotion,” my companion would say.

It was the first time I had been exposed to a Catholic-basher, but certainly not the last. I served my mission in Japan, and if missionaries tended to Catholic-bash there, they did all the more in areas where Catholic influence was strong.

Returned missionaries from Latin America I know, generally report the same thing: Catholics killing babies; Catholics worshipping idols; Catholics committing whoredoms...

Does the Pope and Catholic leadership condone such practices? Could not such behavior be the result of the mixing in of indigenous Indian customs and religious beliefs? Associating such deviant practices with Rome and Catholic doctrine is like trying to associate the Mormons with the behavior of their polygamous cousins hiding out in Arizona.

One returned missionary from Spain I talked to was sure that the pointed hoods used by Catholics there and in other southern European countries for costumes during Holy Week celebrations were proof enough that the Catholics are in cahoots with the Ku Klux Klan. She didn’t stop to think that when these costumes

were first used, hundreds of years ago, there wasn’t even a United States, let alone a KKK. The fact is that Catholics are among those on the KKK hit list.

Why all the negative feelings toward Catholicism? And why do Mormons tend to be so pro-Protestant? Maybe it’s because of our positive view toward Martin Luther and other reformers, or the fact that Joseph Smith felt particularly fond of the Methodist sect before receiving his vision.

Many no doubt feel more comfortable with the simplicity of a Protestant setting than with all the ceremony and symbols of a Catholic church. But those who have participated in the Mormon temple ordinances know that we are not so devoid of deep ceremony and art and symbolism as we might think.

Mormon Catholic-bashing is all very surprising to me. I grew up in a community where it was the Protestant ministers that fanned an anti-Mormon fire, to the degree that my family was almost persecuted. Lutherans, Baptists and Presbyterians alike seemed to feel that it was their divine duty to save their flock from the Mormon menace, and regularly devoted whole sermons to that effect, so I was told.

Neighbors and friends began presenting my parents with “The God-Makers” and other anti-

Mormon books and videos. Families in my neighborhood cautioned their children against associating with me. One particularly evangelistic friend took it on himself to tell all my peers how I was involved in a Satanic cult and was destined for hell.

But my Catholic friends laughed at all this. For all the talk about Catholic rigidity and stubbornness, these friends were always the most open-minded and unassuming. One of them arranged an exchange with me, by which he attended my church one Sunday and I went with him the next week. Though I was still too young to understand even my own religion at that time, I’ll never forget the feeling I had in that Catholic mass—the awe and reverence it inspired in me for deity.

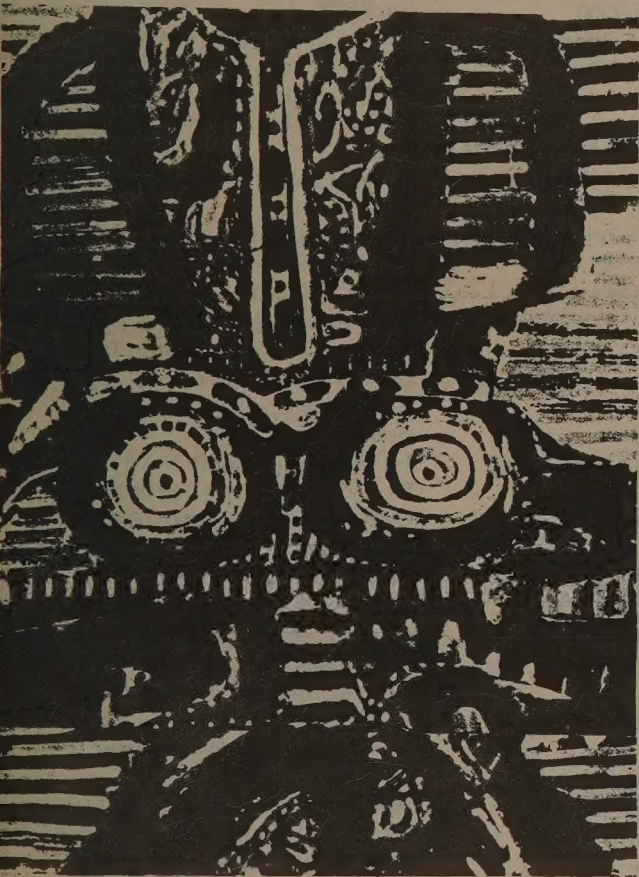
My respect for the Catholic church grew this past summer while I wandered around Europe and beheld its art and cathedrals. I know that some of it was built just to satisfy egos, but I couldn’t help feel awe towards the artists and craftsmen and builders that painstakingly and lovingly created these incredible things for God. What devotion, to spend hundreds of years to create something like St. Peter’s!

I am aware of the horrible deeds attributed to Catholics in the past centuries, but when we comment on Catholics, our judgements will be applied to the Catholics of today; and they deserve to be judged by who they are, not what their ancestors were like.

The Catholics of today are the ones supporting relief agencies in developing and war-torn countries all over the world, or in the shelters for the homeless or the poor in American inner-cities. They support a leader who has courageously denounced totalitarian regimes in Eastern Europe and Latin America, even though this left Catholics in these countries open to attack. They are a tolerant people, patient towards the jokes and ridicule against Catholics that abound in our society; which, if they were against us, might not find us so tolerant.

Mormons of all people should appreciate Catholics, as they are now among the few people who continue to stand with us against sexual promiscuity, abortion, and the deterioration of the traditional family. Indeed, relations between the LDS and Catholic churches have always been very warm and cordial, as recent General Conference statements attest. You know those cool-looking palm trees in front of the Oakland Temple? Guess what church donated those trees?

It’s time that LDS members begin to recognize who are our enemies (i.e. the real church of the devil—those who fight against the church of God—remember them?), and who are our friends.



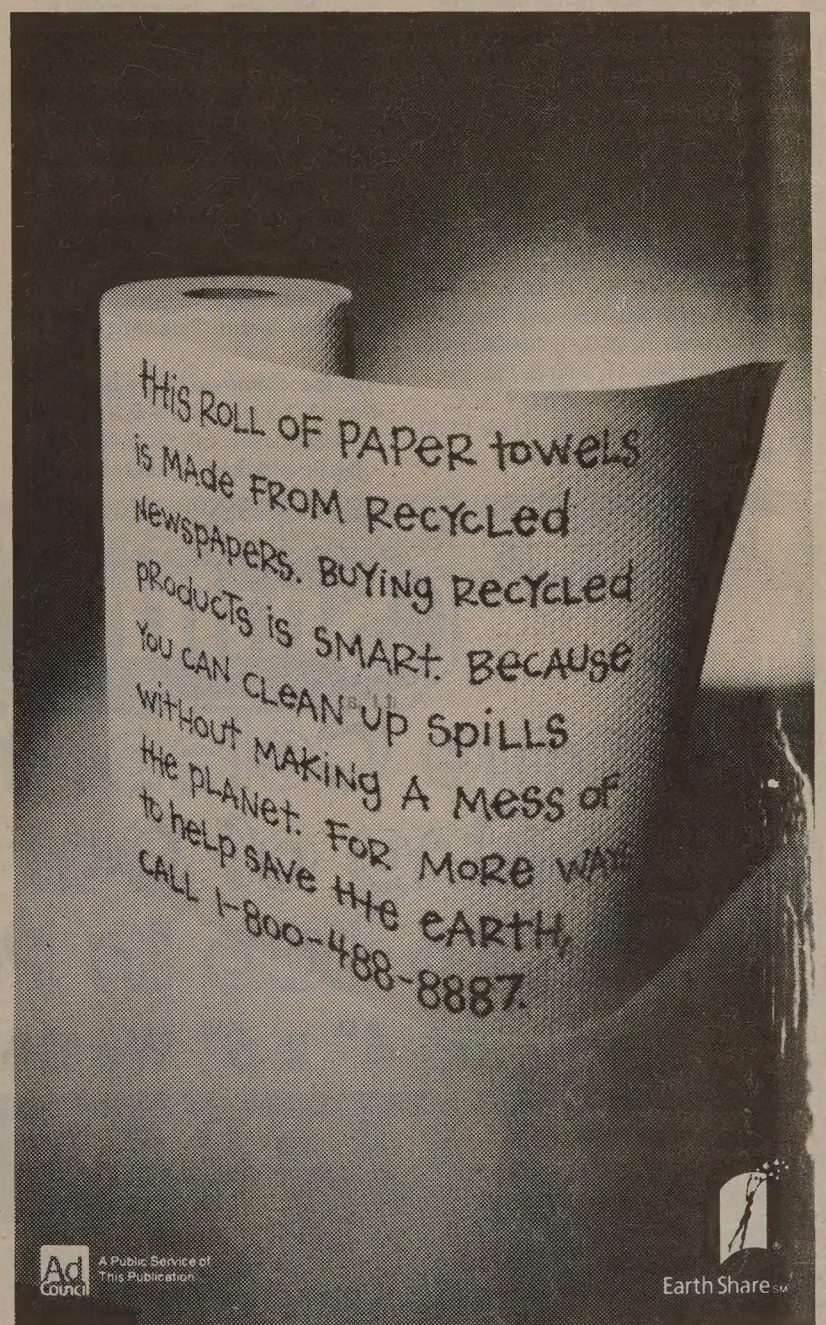
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Calendar



If you would like something in the calendar please call Jennifer at 375-0585. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

International Cinema, Nov 9-13: *Dear America* (Eng), *Otello* (Ital/Opera), *Tangos* (Fr/Sp); Nov 16-20: *Hearts of Darkness* (Eng), *Farewell* (Rus), *Ju-Dou* (Mand); 250 SWKT, call 378-5751 for showtimes.

Varsity Theatres, Nov 10-18: In the Line of Fire; Nov 12-15: Sidekicks; Nov 12, late night: Witness; call 378-3311 for showtimes.

Woman In Mind, Nov 10-13, 8 pm, Jewett Center at Westminster College, 484-7651.

Alice in Wonderland, Nov 11-27, 7:30 pm, Pardoe Theatre, BYU HFAC, tickets at HFAC Theatre Box Office or call 378-3875.

Dames at Sea, Nov 11-12 & 19, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50. **Betty**, till Nov 11, 3:00 & 7:20 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

Music of Chance, till Nov 11, 5:10 &

9:20 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

The Sound of Music, Nov 11-15, 7:30 pm, Mountain View High School, 645 W Center, Orem, \$4 adult, \$3 student, \$1 child (11 & under), seniors free, for info call 227-8759.

The Lion in Winter, Nov 11-20, 7:30 pm, UVSC Theatre, 800 W 1200 S, Orem, \$5 (\$4 matinee Nov 15 at 4 pm), the story of a family who will stop at nothing to win the game of life, call 222-8000 for more info.

Making Consent, Nov 12-18, 2:10 & 7 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

Gift, Nov 12-18, 12:20 & 10:10 pm (12:00 F/S), Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

Promised Land, Nov 16, 7:15 pm, Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234, students with ID are \$3.50.

Wait Until Dark, till Nov 13, Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 649-9371.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame, till Nov 13, 7:30 pm M-TH & 8 pm FS, Pioneer Theatre, call 581-6961.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory,

till Nov 13, Saturdays at noon, Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, 298-1302.

Ghost Stories, till Nov 15, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.

Porgy & Bess, Nov 15-16, 7:30 pm, Capitol Theatre, 419 E 100 S, SLC, tickets at Art Tix or call 355-ARTS, \$40, \$35, & \$30.

Utah Opera's 5th Young Artists Program, Nov 19-20, 7 pm, Larimer Center Theatre at Rowland Hall-St. Marks Upper School, 843 S Lincoln (940 E), presenting Gaetano Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" with the Utah Symphony.

The Hasty Heart, till Nov 20, 8 pm MTHFS, Hale Center Theater Orem, 225 W 400 N, \$4, \$5, & \$6, call 226-8600.

Five on a Honeymoon, till Nov 20, Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main St., SLC, reservations required, call 484-9257 for more info.

Child of Bethlehem, Nov 20-Dec 30, City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.

1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are 11-27 Nov: Alice in Wonderland; 18 Nov-4 Dec: Prisoner; 10-26 Feb: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-

Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S University, SLC, 581-6961.

Capitol Theatre, 419 E 100 S, SLC, 355-2200.

City Rep, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000.

Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S Main, SLC, 484-9257.

Hale Center Theatre Orem, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600.

Keep Theatre, 105 E 100 N, Provo, 373-1270.

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State St, SLC, 364-5696.

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

The Slamheads, Nov 10, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Insatiable, Nov 10, Zephyr Club, 301 S Temple, SLC, 355-CLUB.

BYU Woodwind Chamber Orchestra, Nov 10, 9 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

Sleepyhead, Nov 11, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

BYU Philharmonic Nov 11, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets at 378-4322.

Skankin' Pickle with Psychodelic Zombiez & Stretch Armstrong, Nov 12, 7 pm, Meridian School, 931 E 300 N, Provo, tickets at Sonic Garden, Graywhale, Crandall, & Modified Music, \$7 advance, \$9 at the door.

Rhideo Ghost, Nov 12, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Harpischord Inaugural, Nov 12, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, faculty Douglas Bush performing, FREE.

Student Composer Recital, Nov 12, 9 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

Cougar Marching Band, Nov 12, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets at 378-4322.

Utah Symphony Ruby Series, Nov 12-13, call 533-NOTE for info.

Silver Strings, Nov 13, Mama's Cafe, dixie, folk, & bluegrass, 373-1525.

Vocal Jazz Ensemble, Nov 13, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC.

Squeeze with Over the Rhine, Nov 14, Saltair, 7:30 pm, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX.

Cory DeMille, Nov 15, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Spyro Gyra, Nov 16, Saltair, 7:30 pm, call Smith's Tix, 800-888-TIXX. **Men's Chorus**, Nov 16, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets at 378-4322.

Viklarbo Chamber Ensemble, Nov 16, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, violin/viola, cello, clarinet, & piano, tickets at 378-4322.

Sarah Deford, Nov 16, Mama's Cafe, 373-1525.

Symphonic Band, Nov 17, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, tickets

at 378-4322.

Deseret Piano Quartet, Nov 17, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, FREE.

SNFU with Phleg Camp & Bouncing Souls, Nov 17, 8:30 pm, Bar & Grill, 60 E 800 S, SLC, \$7, 359-8305.

Peter, Paul, & Mary, Nov 18, 8 pm, Abravanel Hall, tickets at ArtTix outlets or call 355-ARTS, \$17-26.

EVENTS, ETC.

Patriot's Week, Nov 8-12, BYU campus, call 378-INFO for details.

Helen Levitt, till Nov 12, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U, photography exhibit.

Amy Hempel, Nov 11, 9:45-10:50, 321 ELWC, Fiction writing seminar/lecture—2:00-3:00, 1081 JKHB, Fiction reading (informal reception and booksigning to follow).

BYU at San Diego State, Nov 11, 6 pm, ESPN.

BYUSA Club Night, Nov 11, call 378-INFO for details.

BYUSA Friday Night Live, Nov 12, 9-1 am, WILK, call 378-INFO for details.

Patriot's Ball, Nov 13, call 378-INFO for details.

Story Night, Nov 15, 7-8 pm, Multi-Purpose Room, Orem City Center, 56 N State, Orem, an evening of stories hosted by the Utah Storyteller's Guild, call 224-7161 for info, FREE. **Tuesday Devotional**, Nov 16, 11 am, Marriott Center, Elaine L. Jack speaking.

Art Discussing Life, till Nov 17, M-TH 10-5 pm (extended hrs. W/TH to 8 pm), Gallery 303, HFAC, two wide-ranging exhibits of contemporary painting, multi-media works, and sculpture, FREE.

Etienne Delessert Children's Book Illustrations Display, till Nov 19, M-F 9-5 pm, Brimhall Design Gallery, two-part exhibition of realism & fantasy, 2nd exhibit by same artist Nov 22-Dec 9.

Light & Art & the Scriptures, till Dec 16, 7-10 pm, first floor of Maeser Bldg., featuring faculty artist Peter Myer.

South by Southwest Music and Media Conference, Feb 16-20, Austin, Texas, early registration (\$175) closes Nov 12th, write to SXSW Headquarters, PO Box 4999, Austin, Texas 78765 or call (512) 467-7979 (FAX 512-451-0754).

EDITOR'S PICK

Even after—or especially after—Skavoozee last Saturday night, I'm wanting more Ska in my life...like every night or so. Insatiable, who put on a raging opening act for the aforementioned event, will be at the Zephyr TONIGHT (I apologize for the late mention) and Skankin' Pickle (with Psychodelic Zombiez & Stretch Armstrong) will be at the Meridian School in Provo Friday the 12th (Oh to have unlimited time/money). However, if Ska isn't your style (deprived child), perhaps dixie & bluegrass is? Mama's Cafe will again host Silver Strings, a real treat from the senior generation, on Saturday the 13th. A thousand other events also sound enticing this week so read carefully and nevermind studying for that test.

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